

The Messenger.

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TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1897.

SALMAGUNDI.

It is known that the Greeks set great store by athletics. They knew nothing of the latter-day foot ball savagery, but they had foot races and other sports. Reading lately some Greek opinions about many things, we found one philosopher, Xenophanes, as quoted in Bergk, taking decided ground in favor of the intellectual over the physical. He endeavored to counteract the favoritism in behalf of mere physical powers, endurance and other supposed advantages, and to assert the pre-eminence of the intellectual over physical advantages. Read what this philosopher said, who wrote some 500 years before Christ came. He said: "You give all kinds of honors—precedence at festivals, pensions, and public maintenance—to runners, boxers, pentathletes, wrestlers, pancratiasts, and charioteers, who bear away the prize at Olympia; yet these men are not so worthy of reward as I am; for better than the strength of men or horses is our wisdom. What is the use of all this muscular development? It will not improve the constitution of the state, or increase the revenue?" This opinion of Xenophanes was by no means singular. All through the most glorious portions of Greek literature you will find something corresponding to the above in the censure of the physical sports. It is stated by one thoroughly versed in Greek literature that "Plato Aristotle, and all political moralists of Greece blamed Sparta and Thebes for training mere soldiers and gymnasts; to the exclusion of intellectual culture; thus retarding the growth of their constitutions and forcing them to depend in all emergencies upon brute force." The Athenians themselves were censured, for it was charged that they suffered from "effeminacy and ignobility of purpose." But two remarks we make. It has not been long since some of the very foremost American seats of learning the athletics were the heroes. The scholarly man, ranking at the head, was not so much as heard from. It was the man of brawn and staying physical force, who could jump higher or out-kick his adversary over whom poems were sung and for whom garlands were woven. The other remark is that while the pagan Greek moralists were united in condemning the excesses in the athletic grounds, there have been in the last three years many modern and American "moralists"—some even Christian "apologists"—who enjoyed the great excesses of the foot ball game and joined in all the shouts and praises in behalf of the physical over the intellectual. The Greek was a much wiser man than the end of the century advocates of brutal games that maimed and killed and caused drunkenness and many disgraceful scenes. Many a clergyman and professor in educational institutions have shown far less insight, wisdom and genuine moral judgment in the matter of athletics than the Greek philosophers who never so much as heard of Christ, as they all lived many hundreds of years before the epiphany of Christ on the earth.

We quoted a saying yesterday. It came from a northern poet, name not known to us. He struck his resounding harp a few years ago and sang a strain worthy of attentive ears, and particularly in these days of pretension and small men and political corruption and personal profligacy, and the worship of the "almighty dollar" that will damn more souls in perdition we believe than anything else but drink. We cannot reproduce the whole, but give a part. He said, and he had the vision of a prophet as well as the conviction of a political philosopher—he saw the great desideratum of the age, of the boasted land of the free, this vain, glorious republic—he saw and sang of the most needed thing now:

"God give us Men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,
And ready hands—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;

Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting
Justice sleeps."
These are noble sentiments and worthy of an American patriot and friend of humanity, whoever he may be. Tennyson has also some noble, vigorous lines in the same direction, written in the fifties, we think it was. We

have no copy of his works at hand or we would reproduce a few of his stirring, ringing lines. He has sung in a high, impressive strain in two or three of his masterful poems on liberty and patriotism. The fine poem of Sir William Jones, the celebrated English Orientalist, who died in 1794, more than a century ago, is well known to most intelligent readers in our country. His theme was "Patriotism." What he wrote then as constituting a state is true now, is eternally true. We give some of the opening lines and closing:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starry and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness waits perfume to pride.
No—Men, high-minded men—"

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing
Dare maintain.

These constitute a State."

A year or two ago Edmund C. Stedman, poet and critic, and Professor Woodberry, of Harvard, author also, published an edition of Edgar Allan Poe's works in ten volumes. Both the editors are of New England, and such an undertaking by them and the publishers showed that there was still uncommon, perhaps even a growing, interest in the unfortunate, unhappy poet, and that they believed a large, elegant edition would prove acceptable to the public and profitable to them. We have never seen this edition. Modern books are so high that few persons in the south who love the best literature can hardly ever get a glimpse of the fine editions and never hope to read them. New books are today three or four times higher than they were between 1840-60. Our own library can make that statement good. That the edition is desirable is no doubt true. Professor Woodberry published before this a life of Poe that was cruel in its harsh revelations, as well as most painful. The work is divided in this wise: Five volumes are given to his tales, altogether the most original, marvelous, and ingenious in literature. In fact Poe invented the short modern story as it is now written—the weird, the canny, the mysterious, the inventive, the curiously and elaborately wrought. Four volumes are given to his essays, and one to his poems. The information concerning all is said to be most minute and equal to all demands. We preserved the following that appeared last year in a northern criticism of the edition:

"With the notes on the poems a complete variorum is printed for the first time, the editors having thought this desirable, partly because there is no such illustration in literature of the elaboration of poetry through long-continued and minute verbal processes, and partly because so large a portion of the verse written by Poe perished in those processes." Mr. Stedman's introductions to these two divisions of the works are as interesting, thoughtful, and discriminating as is that to the Tales.

It must not be omitted that the northern critics and poets have never done justice to Poe, and perhaps the reason is that he was so very severe in his criticisms of Longfellow and other New Englanders contemporary with him. Poe is much more highly appraised in France and in England than he is in New England. In fact, by many critical writers he is considered at the head of American poets. Mr. Stedman is a good critic, but of New England. He said of the nature and quality of Poe's lyrical genius that "a distinctive melody is the element in Poe's verse that first and last has told on every class of readers—a rhythmic effect which, be it of much or little worth, was its author's own; and to add even one constituent to the resources of an art is what few succeed in doing." We do not know whether to class Poe with writers of the south. He was connected on his father's side with a good Maryland family, his mother was an actress, and not native to the south and he was born in Boston. He is in no respect a New England product. He neither thought with them nor wrote like their poets.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain.
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

The higher critics have unexpectedly come to grief in one of their chief weaknesses or authorities. They have quoted from and relied upon Professor Harnack, a very distinguished Biblical authority. They know his great scholarship, and have boasted of his opinions as justifying their own advanced views. The sappers and miners, however, appear to have struck a snag as they were sailing around in the Harnack waters. He is not so much of a destructive as they had supposed. He holds views as to the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament Scriptures that they had hardly counted upon. He is clearly not in harmony with the contention of some, perhaps all, of the miscalculated higher critics. The able New England organ of the Baptists, The Watchman, says this, and we see no reply that is possible:

"Harnack may be right or wrong in his conclusions; the indisputable thing is that the scholar under whose name

so many of the advanced critics have sheltered themselves has admitted that that field of the first Christian documents. We have been told ad nauseam that in these high matters the decision of the experts is final, and we have been taught that Harnack is a high priest of the experts. Now that Harnack rejects only 11. Peter is wrongly attributed, and regards all the Pauline epistles as genuine with a little hesitancy as to Ephesians, and even reads the pastoral Epistles in original real letters, and places all the Gospels within the first century, why is it not perfectly fair, without going into the merits of the question at all, to point out that the chief of the experts has broken with the higher critics?"

When a writer like Harnack accepts the substantial trustworthiness of the Christian Scriptures, and their early date, which is the chief matter in dispute, then the men who have been quoting from and relying upon Harnack will have to get support elsewhere. They would better come in out of the rain.

The tendency for some years has been with many preachers and writers to ignore the miraculous element in the Christian Scriptures. Hume tried in his way to destroy the credibility of miracles. But those who have read the little book of Archbishop Whately, so marvelously acute and conclusive, on "Historic Doubts" will not be longer puzzled or annoyed with Hume's plausible sophisms. Doubtless men of certain schools, men who are sceptical by nature or from study, would like to get rid of the miraculous in the Bible, as some would like so much to get rid of the Bible altogether, but like Banquo's ghost, "it will not down." This generation may quibble, may speculate, may deny, may pervert, may try to drop out of sight the supernatural in the Scriptures but it cannot be done. The eternal verities will remain, for without the miraculous and the supernatural the very foundations of the Christian religion cannot stand. A distinct, clear, unflinching recognition of the supernatural element underlies the whole Christian structure. Wipe out all of the supernatural, of the miraculous and you sap the foundations by opening up the way for all manner of foolish "isms"—agnosticism, theosophy and all the other baseless humbugs—and naturalism in religion will come in abolishing God altogether and all that belongs to him. The New York Examiner, another very able Baptist paper, strongly, impressively says of the tendency in later years to which we refer:

"It is, without doubt, true that less stress is laid upon miracles as evidential witnesses of Christianity than a century ago. More stress is placed upon the moral character of Christ and Christianity, the uplifting power of Christianity, its adaptation to the wants of human nature, than formerly. But the Christ presented to men as the one great nine-teenth-century witness for Christianity will not be effective if he be not regarded as something far different from the highest of men. A supernatural Christ can be a convincing witness for our faith."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits.

P. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." 75 cents and \$1.00. Sold by J. H. Hardin, Druggist, Wilmington, N. C.

SHALL WE HAVE CURFEW?

Young Hours for Young Folks—A Beautiful Message to the Young Dispersary Question Headed in Chambers—Abundant Markets—News Notes.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Fayetteville, June 25.
The North Carolina Baptist, published in this city, advocates the establishment of curfew for the better regulation of the night hours of young people. Certainly the most wide open and inviting way to immorality and godlessness in life lies through the streets and questionable resorts of a large town at night. The gravest question connected with it is as to whether it is or is not an undue interference with "home rule." Fayetteville has had the curfew bell at 9 o'clock at night for certainly more than half a century. It now only remains to make it mean something—that, at its ringing, youth of both sexes, white and black, under a certain age, shall betake themselves home from the streets, unless accompanied by parents or some other proper authority. The curfew, "couvre feu," to cover the fire—illustrates the hard measures adopted against the Saxons after the Norman conquest.

It is to be regretted that the jubilee meeting on Monday afternoon was so ill attended. The congratulatory message prepared by Colonel C. W. Broadfoot was a beautiful tribute to Queen Victoria—simple, chaste, elegant, scholarly. By the way, he is one of the most forcible writers in the state. His obituary notice of the lamented Dr. Huske is a classic.

It is interesting to observe that a Duke of Kent and a Countess of Kent by their issue, preserved, unimpaired the direct succession to the throne of England at intervals in history of more than 500 years. The case of Victoria is of course familiar to all; and in the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III, Joan of Woodstock, known as the "Fair Maid of Kent"—as bewitching and ardent a coquette as ever turned the heads and stirred the hearts of men—after her contract of marriage with Salisbury was annulled by the Pope, wedded Sir Thomas Holland, afterwards Earl of Kent, who married her with the title of Countess of Kent. After his death she married the famous Black Prince, and their son, as Richard II, inherited the throne, the Black Prince dying in the lifetime of Edward III. Richard II was deposed by Henry Bolingbroke, son of "John of Gaunt," who was in Charles, and married the crown as Henry IV, and his son was the great Henry V, "Harry of

Monmouth." The hero of Agincourt. The jewel in the tilt of his sword on that field of battle is now one of the precious stones, in the present queen's crown.

Thus much for history. Connected with it is a little romance, which whether it be true or not, is pleasant reading. It is said that the Black Prince, during his splendid service in France, became enamored of a beautiful French woman; but, though he could carry prisoners to his own country a monarch (King John), he could not lead captive his enslaver—for she belonged to another man. So the Black Prince vowed that he would take no woman to wife, but was not proof against the charms of the fair Joan of Woodstock.

The case of S. J. Guy vs. the county commissioners, to restrain them from the establishment of a dispensary, and from the appropriation of money therefor, was heard in chambers before Judge McIver at Charlotte, this week. The general impression here seems to be that, should Judge McIver's decision be such as to affect a bar to the establishment of the dispensary, we will have prohibition for the time, at least, for it is not believed that the commissioners will grant liquor licenses. Then we may see the apparent reign of prohibition and the actual reign of the "blind tiger"—far worse than the license system.

Fayetteville now luxuriates in an abundant market—fresh meats, with fish in fair supply, and fruits and vegetables in profusion. Twelve varieties of vegetables and five of fruits were noted at a green-grocer's stall this morning. The people of this section will raise an abundance of stuff to "keep the wolf from the door" this year.

Next week there will be registration for the election in July on the question of issuing electric light bonds. Mr. Panitz, a traveling salesman, his vehicle having broken down during a ride to Eureka Springs last Thursday, was forced to walk to town, and was overcome by the heat, falling to the floor senseless soon after entering the Hotel Lafayette. He recovered without medical aid.

The funeral services of Mrs. Cain, wife of ex-Probate Judge Cain, took place from the Hay Street Methodist church this morning.

Mrs. Ronald McMillan returned last night from the north, after a course of treatment at the Hot Springs.

"The Shepherd Boy David," another scriptural cantata, is in course of preparation for exhibition at an early date.

CHARLOTTEITES EXCITED

Over a Mysterious Burglary—A House Ransacked but Nothing Taken—The Hair of Two Girls cut Off—Sensational Developments Expected From the Murder of Mrs. Springs—Wilmington Day at Charlotte.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Charlotte, N. C., June 25.

Charlotte has been considerably wrought up during this week over a mysterious burglary which took place in Crab Orchard township, about five miles from Charlotte, on last Monday night. Some person or persons entered the house of Mr. R. B. Orr, went into the room where two little girls, a daughter and niece of Mr. Orr, were sleeping, and after ransacking bureau drawers and turning things generally topsy turvy, ended by cutting off the hair of both the sleeping children, and then making off in safety. Nothing in the house was taken, although many articles of value were exposed. The person who had been carried off. The person was either looking for money or else it was some one who was either drunk or crazy. Why any one should enter a house, and search it over and then leave with nothing of value, and before leaving cut off the hair of two most mysterious affairs that has ever happened in this locality.

Up to the present time no clue has been found as to who committed this mysterious burglary, and great fears are entertained that it may be repeated again in some other locality. Neither of the children were injured in any way, and the hair cutting was done so cleverly that they did not even wake until called by Mr. Orr the next morning.

One of the most horrible affairs that has ever occurred in this section was the murder of Mrs. A. A. Springs at Lexington on last Wednesday morning. Mrs. Springs was well known in Charlotte, where nearly all her relatives live, and the sad news of her untimely death cast a gloom over the city the like of which has not been known in years. It seems that Mrs. Springs was awakened about daybreak by a slight noise in the room, and seeing some one there she screamed, when immediately the intruder fired, the shot taking effect in her left eye. Her husband was awakened by the scream and the shot, and immediately started to her escape, and up to the present time has not been caught, although blood hounds have been on his trail for several days. This is another very mysterious affair, and all kinds of theories are advanced as to the person who committed the deed. The facts in the case rather go to point toward a premeditated murder. Burglars, as a rule, do not shoot unless they are trapped, and, as the shooting in this case was deliberate and not done with the idea of self protection, it looks as if the murderer had been introduced. The citizens want the pond drained, and the mill owners object on the ground that it means a loss of thousands to them and further that it is not the pond that creates the malaria.

Tomorrow, Saturday, is Wilmington day at Charlotte, and about 100 people will leave for the coast on the weekly \$2 rate. Those who are not able to get

away, look with rather envious eyes upon their more fortunate brethren who go down to take in the fine ocean breeze. The rate will last all summer, however, and we will all go down sooner or later. There has never been such enthusiasm over the seashore as is now manifested by the Charlotte people. Two years ago it was the mountains altogether, and now it is nothing but the coast. This change has been brought about by the judicious advertising which the coast resorts have been putting out of late years, and the extra attractions which have been added for the pleasure of the visitor have also helped wonderfully in catching and holding the crowds.

Charlotte, like Wilmington, is now in the midst of the excursion season. Three excursions have been in this week, two white and one colored. It takes the colored population to thoroughly enjoy the excursion season, and if any people on earth get real enjoyment out of an excursion to a town of colored folk, the South Carolina darkies holds Charlotte as his mecca, and thousands worship at her shrine every summer. They come some days in perfect clouds, and at times the streets are almost impassable. They are, however, as a rule, a very inoffensive set, and while a few nearly always "board" a while, the great majority come and go in perfect peace and good feeling. Their advent is always a blessing to the fruit and lemonade vender, and while they do not come to spend thousands with us, yet some one is benefited, and he is glad that they leave ever so small a help along in the grand total of the season.

Rocky Point's Boom.

Rocky Point, N. C., June 26.

Editors Messenger:

The ringing of the hammer is heard on every side—a building boom has struck our place. Mr. Jas. Westbrook has completed a Queen Anne cottage and furnished it in a recherche style. Mr. David Gurganus is putting on the finishing touches to his new residence on the corner of Durham avenue and Centre street. Mr. Dallas Futch has completed a commodious cottage. Messrs. Pharez & Rountree, contractors, have plans and specifications for other buildings to be erected. Nor is the boom confined to building alone. Several transfers of real estate have been made and inquiries from northern capitalists for strawberry and truck lands come in.

The condition of growing crops is favorable. While more rain is needed, a dry June never begs its bread, and there is no excuse for grassy crops with the great abundance of sunshine for the past two weeks.

Miss Ivan Ivanovitch, of Petersburg, is visiting Dr. Porter. Mr. B. Woopinkoff, from Florida, is visiting the family of Mr. G. D. Pharez and is so well pleased he thinks he will remain for the summer.

The young gentlemen here have organized a "Bike Club." Mr. Koot Harris is president and Joe, Murdoch secretary. Mr. Thos. Brownwood has the contract to level and grade the drive from here to Lane's ferry. Mr. David Sparkberry excels thus far in grace and agility as a rider.

We are glad to note great improvement in the condition of Dr. Loftin. He has just taken a much needed rest and is thereby benefited.

CIVIS.

Senator Pettigrew Rallied.

Washington, June 26.—Senator Pettigrew rallied this evening, chatted pleasantly with his family and a few friends who called at his home. He was still a little weak from the effect of the attack but was greatly improved and said he felt quite well. There was no fever nor any unpleasant symptoms growing out of the attack and he was not in a dangerous condition. His physician anticipates no serious results.

Energetic Attitude Toward the United States' Demand

Madrid, June 26.—Don Francisco Silveira, the leader of the dissident conservatives, has published a manifesto demanding the adoption by the Spanish government of an energetic attitude toward the United States in regard to Cuba. He equally condemns the scheme of reforms for Cuba drawn up by Senor Canovas del Castillo, the premier, and the autonomy scheme advocated by the liberals.

The Hand THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

But few appreciate the danger to which the expectant mother is exposed, and the foreboding with which she looks forward to the hour of approaching motherhood. By the use of

"Mother's Friend"

the body is made to yield pleasantly to the change. Headache and nausea are dispelled, the depressed and nervous feeling yields to one of hopeful expectation. Danger to life of mother is avoided, and she passes through the trial quickly and her recovery is rapid. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, \$1.00. Book to "Expectant Mothers" free upon application. The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR SALE

—BY—

Swift Creek Dairy and Stock Farm

One hundred head of gilt edge bred registered Jersey Cows, Heifers and young Bulls, blended blood of the noted Stoke Fogis, St. Lambert, Commales and other strains. Heifers \$20.00 to \$25.00; Bulls \$25.00 to \$30.00. Males kept only from best cows. Remember the bull is half the herd, so buy and breed up. Poland China swine always on hand. Write for what you want.

T. P. Braswell,

BATTLEBORO, N. C.

apr 23, 9 mos.

The President's History

(New York Times.)
It is a little curious that President McKinley, in searching for heroes of distinguished deeds to use as illustrations of the greatness to which sons of Tennessee have risen, should fix upon Jackson, Polk, and Johnson, every one of whom was born in North Carolina. Possibly other grounds for surprise might be found in the little list, if a person looked long enough.



SCROFULA AND ERYSIPELAS

Two Diseases That Cause Their Victims to Be Shunned by Their Fellow-Man.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.
GENTLEMEN: I commenced taking P. P. P. Lippman's Great Remedy, last Fall, for Erysipelas. My face was completely covered with the disease; I took a short course of P. P. P., and it soon disappeared. This Spring I became much debilitated and again took another course, and I am now in good condition. I consider P. P. P. one of the best blood preparations on the market, and for those who need a general tonic to build up the system and improve the appetite I consider that it has no equal. Will say, anyone who cares to try P. P. P. will not be disappointed in its results, and I, therefore, cheerfully recommend it.

ARTHUR WOOD, Springfield, Mo.

Erysipelas and Scrofula cured by P. P. P. Lippman's Great Remedy, surely and without fail.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.

GENTLEMEN: Last June I had a scrofulous sore which broke out on my ankle. It grew rapidly, and soon extended from my ankle to my knee. I got one bottle of your P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, and was greatly surprised at the result. The entire sore healed at once. I think I have taken almost every medicine recommended for scrofula and cutaneous eruptions. P. P. P. is the best I have ever tried. It cannot be recommended too highly for blood poison, etc.

Yours very truly,

W. P. HUNTER.

P. P. P. cures all blood and skin disease, both in men and women.

Rheumatism, which makes man's life a hell upon earth, can be relieved at once by P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy. It makes a PERMANENT cure. P. P. P. is the great and only remedy for advanced cases of catarrh. Stopping of the nostrils and difficulty in breathing when lying down, P. P. P. relieves at once.

P. P. P. cures blood poisoning in all its various stages, old ulcers, sores and kidney complaints.

Sold by all druggists.

LIPPMAN BROS., Apothecaries, Sole Prop'rs.

Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga.

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